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Category: Poetry

Times

“the Day, passed away”
Morning—a beauty,
Much missed—
Who is the sunrise?
How soft are her lips?
How does my face feel
Brushed by her fingertips?
Long-lost lover,
I want to see you again.

The sun shines bright,
Too bright, too high in the sky.
I yawn awake
And wonder when, wonder why
I started feeling
That the days should be night.

Afternoon—how ugly,
Sleeping again so soon?—
He only exists in dreams
Gone, doomed
To fade
Like the golden rays of day
On my slumbering face.

Eight PM,
We meet again
And swim in this pool
Of emotion.
Too deep, too rough, too blue.

Nine PM,
Once again. I see you.
Sneaky thing, you always spring
So swift and leave
So soon.
Stay awhile, won't you?

Ten PM,
Yet again. And today, what did I do?
How startling
It is to see
Double digits of time

Clear, bright, burning
And yet have all hours wasted,
Dollars and dimes and pennies,
Spent on utterly nothing.

Eleven PM,
Again, again. Why do you mock me?
I can't ever seem
Strong enough to keep
Myself sure in the face
Of your solemn finality.

Twelve AM,
Bitter friend. Shouldn't we be asleep?
If I was so simple, if I had such peace,
I'd still tremble awake
To sob at my own misery.

One AM. The ease comes to me.
Late as it is, late as it will be,
Sometimes,
This is the only place to hide, my only relief.

Two AM, maybe three, four,
Five or six, occasionally.
I've forgotten how we fall apart. only
In memory's weakness may I
Settle down to rest, settle down to sleep.
Must tomorrow exist?
Must the cycle repeat?

“what a stubborn rainbow”
Today, the sky
Is gray, not golden.
Disarray, not folded,
And yet again,
I wonder why
The sky
Would hide
Something so bright
Away, from me,
In these dark days
In these dim times.

Yes, the rain
Is necessary too,
But not a drop
Falls loose.
And I wonder
What to do
To let the sky
Know it's okay
To cry
And if that'd
Have any use.

“On life and time, a little thinking”

What an infinity
Are the days we're living
As we live them,
In all simplicity and complexity.

What a wonder it is
To live, from your own perspective
A box-seat,
Of the world, from you.

All the strangest thoughts and feelings
And actions and meanings
Only known to one, the inside
Of your brain as it wreaks
Its own little havoc day by day,
Week by week, years and years,
All of your eternity.

Don't you ever wonder?
Don't you ever think?
How utterly amazing it is
That you are you and I am me
And my words aren't yours
But maybe, maybe, maybe
Are still resonating
With a tap-tap-tap or a ring-ring-ring,
The same sort of rhyme and rhythm
That flowed from me.

What an infinity it is
To live, and to be!
The days are numbered, certainly,
But the pass so similarly
That it's a wonder that time
Passes at all, sometimes.

Nonetheless.
I strive and struggle and surface
And life does progress,
Gently dragging me.

“Tick, Tick, Tick, Tick”
Any span of time feels so much longer
When you're waiting, waiting, waiting
For something, anything, really
But especially Something
Special, mundane or magnificent in meaning,
And thus time is slowed
With that ever so restless feeling.

Any span of time feels so much shorter
When you aren't ready yet, yet, yet
Still trying to do or enjoy or find
Something, anything, really,
But especially Something
That you so desperately want or need or miss
Or grieve or simply can't do or have or be

All the time or at all or freely.
And thus time speeds
With that ever so restless feeling.

What a cruel concept,
Is it not? Though unfair
To say it's so, as the sovereign clock
Reigns outside of human feeling,
Unhuman existing—
It knows no heart or hurt or healing!—
Still, one must do or stay or go
And time ticks on
And we must follow.

“as growl is to animal, is thought to humanity”
The slightest trickle of hunger
Infuriates me.
I roar loud and stumble about,
A beast
With a thorn in her paw
Or rather, her side,
A tummy, bellowing, clenching tight
Like the maw of despair
Around our sad, short, mortal lives.

(Oh, how we rage
At the dying of the light
And the buzzing of the fly,
And the carriage passing by
Too swift and too high
For our slow, dirty feet. Such
Human concerns, and the anger
That we
Feel at the things
We cannot control
And may predict, but just barely.)

What could ever satiate
Such a terrible craving?
When food isn't quite enough
To quell to quietness me,
To reclaim the poet from the beast?